

# JOHN BURT

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## CHAPTER XV.

### A Brilliant Campaign.

James Blake yet longed for speculative laurels. His one ambition was to achieve some sweeping coup, and taste the inward joy of triumph—sweeter far than the undesired fame which had amassed half a million of dollars the temptation to risk it was too strong to be resisted. John Burt had just terminated a campaign which had netted him nearly a million in profit, and John Hawkins had been equally successful. Blake saw a chance and took it. With nerve and skill he forced a stock to a point where victory seemed certain; but an unforeseen circumstance his chances at the moment when the spell of luck seemed broken. The market turned, but by a series of moves, brilliant as if inspired by success instead of disaster, Blake saved himself from a complete rout, and emerged with one-half of his capital.

A few days later he held an interview with John Burt—an interview destined to mark an epoch in his career.

"Can you arrange your affairs so as to go to New York for me, starting on Saturday?" asked John Burt.

"I can start tonight if necessary," replied Blake.

"Saturday night will be better," said Burt. "Two important railroad stocks will decline heavily next week. They are now buoyant, and the public is eager to buy them. I shall have disposed of my interest in them before you reach New York. Two million dollars will be placed there to your credit. Proceed at once, on your arrival, to sell short one hundred thousand shares of each of these stocks. You should be able to do this in three days without seriously breaching the market. You hold in your name between five and six million dollars' worth of stocks and bonds, which are

small blocks of the two railway stocks. The market was strong, and all offerings were eagerly absorbed. In three days he had sold one hundred thousand shares of each stock, and the market was stationary. He wired the fact to John Burt and received instructions. The following day he began the cash sale of the stocks and securities. When half of them were sold the market began to weaken.

On Thursday morning he received a cipher telegram which, when translated, read as follows:

"Sell remainder of securities at market price, and then offer railroads A and B in five thousand lots."

Beneath the weight of these offerings the market trembled and then broke sharply. Late in the afternoon came the news of the resignation of powerful directors on railroads A and B; the organization of a competing line, and the passage of a resolution for enormous bond issues.

When James Blake went to bed late Saturday night it was after fifty hours of work without sleep. He had practically concluded one of the most decisive campaigns ever waged on the street. Before turning out the lights he again read a telegram received a few hours before, and his handsome face flushed with pleasure as he read:

"Accept my congratulations on your superb handling of our campaign. Mr. Hawkins joins in salutations and we drink your health."

"Our campaign?" said Blake, half aloud. "That's the highest of compliments. John must have won fortunes, and I'm a millionaire at last. Wonder if I can sleep. Here goes."

He dropped into a slumber deep and untroubled as that of a child.

James Blake found himself the Wall Street hero of the hour. He was acclaimed the young financial giant from the Pacific slope—a market Ivanhoe

lions won't shrink in his hands. I want you to know him, Blake."

When Morris' name was mentioned Blake started and gazed intently at the stolid face and heavy figure in the far corner of the smoking-room. With shame he recalled that he had made no inquiry concerning this man, whose death or existence meant so much to John Burt.

For a moment his nerves tingled, and he longed to walk across the room and choke Morris for John's sake, but he reflected that this was folly. It was enough to know that Morris lived. John Burt was dead—so far as Arthur Morris was concerned—and Blake, as John's reincarnation, threw himself on guard, determined to profit to the utmost by the incident.

"Glad to see you, old man!" exclaimed Kingsley, rising to greet Morris. "I want you to know my friend, Mr. Blake—Mr. James Blake, of San Francisco—Mr. Arthur Morris. You certainly have heard—"

"Pon my word this is unexpected luck!" Arthur Morris thrust forward a soft hand and winced as Blake clasped it with simulated heartiness.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Blake!" Morris exclaimed. "Been looking for you everywhere! Sent my card to your apartments this evening. By Jove, you're a corker, don't you know, Mr. Blake! Walter, a bottle of Perrier Gout, '54. I want to drink your health, Mr. Blake."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Morris!" said James Blake, looking him full in the eyes. "I've heard of your father, and the famous old firm, and learned only to-day that you've succeeded him in business."

Two years spent by Arthur Morris in an apprenticeship to the trade of money grasping and holding had seemed the puffed, round face with hard lines. The once dull eyes glowed with the newly-lighted fires of avarice. The sensuous lips dropped at the corners with a cruel curve. The former air of indifference was replaced by the alertness of defense and aggressiveness.

Close observers predicted a great career for Arthur Morris. His father was delighted with the transformation and did not hesitate to give to his heir the keys which unlocked the Morris treasury vaults.

The hours glided by to the music of clinking glasses and the rising clatter of conversation. And as James Blake talked and listened and drank, his aversion to Arthur Morris relaxed. He loved John Burt and was eager to espouse his cause, but John had not commissioned him to quarrel with Arthur Morris. Perhaps the affair of the years before was only a boyhood dispute?

He glanced at the white expanse of Morris' shirt front and wondered if the scar of John's bullet showed over his heart. Morris lived, and the thought came to Blake that the score was even between John and the young millionaire. The feud had made John rich—why should John complain? And Arthur Morris did not seem to be such a bad sort of a fellow after all.

Thus reasoned Blake as Morris took his arm and led him away from the noisy club men.

"Say we get out of this?" said Morris, proffering a cigarette case. "You'll be my guest to-night, Blake! Won't listen to a refusal, my dear fellow! I've bachelor apartments, and anything you ask is yours. I want to have a quiet chat with you. Let's make our excuses and stroll to Delmonico's for a bite of supper. Then we'll go to my rooms."

Blake accepted the invitation and after supper they drove to the Morris apartment.

"I'm rather fond of these quarters, don't you know?" said Morris, as he showed his guest through a suite worthy of a Lucullus. "Picked up some of this stuff abroad, and the governor contributed the rest of it. Rummohm, serve us that 1869 brandy!"

The Indian servant bowed and moved noiselessly away. Morris opened a writing-desk and glanced at a number of unopened letters.

(To be continued.)

## SHIRTS MUST HAVE SHRUNK.

Red Flanne' Garment Wife Mistook for Coral Necklace.

"Jim" Sullivan tells of a friend, a sufferer from rheumatism, who, bearing during the early part of the winter that red flannel worn next to the body was a remedy for that complaint, purchased several undershirts made of that material. The clerk assured him that the goods were guaranteed in every particular.

About two weeks afterward Mr. Sullivan's friend revisited the shop where he had bought the red flannel shirts and registered a big kick against the perpetration against him of what he termed "a fearful swindle."

"What's the matter?" asked the proprietor. "Have the shirts faded or shrunk?"

"Faded! Shrunk!" howled the man. "What do you think my wife said to me when I came down to breakfast yesterday with one of them on? Well, sir, she smiled sweetly and asked: 'Why are you wearing your pink coral necklace around your throat, John?'"—New York Times.

Russia's Army.

It has been estimated that the total war footing of the Russian army after calling out all the reserves amounts to 5,250,000 men, or more than ten times that of Japan. The soldiers are drawn from the ignorant peasant class and the officers from the governing ranks of society. Should Russia call out all her troops she will have 78,327 officers, 5,180, 953 soldiers, 613,400 horses and 4,000 cannons. Germany is the only nation that exceeds Russia in its military equipment.

## Everyday Sort of Hero

The Winston (N. C.) papers speak in high terms of the Memorial Day oration delivered by the Hon. Frank C. Robbins of Lexington. He was one of six brothers who responded to the call for troops when North Carolina seceded. Only two returned—the Hon. M. W. Robbins, member of the Gettysburg commission, and the Hon. Frank C. Robbins. Capt. "Mack" Robbins has served in Congress and is the more widely known of the two brothers, but not a whit more deserving of the confidence of the state. Modest, able, honorable, incorruptible, Capt. Frank Robbins is the best type of the North Carolina lawyer and citizen.

In his speech at Lexington Capt. Robbins followed no hackneyed line, but filled his address with inspiring and human stories. The Sentinel thus gives an account of his story of a true life hero, prefaced by an estimate of the address:

"The simple earnestness of his manner, his clear, graphic statements of facts, the total absence of clap-trap from every utterance, together with his noble and impressive personality, compelled the admiration and approval of every one. It is impossible to give in a mere outline any adequate idea of his address, which dealt with the character of the Confederate soldier and its inspiration. This, he said, could best be illustrated by incidents rather than by description."

"He told of a man in his company

Henry Lusk, a roving, foraging sort of a fellow, faithful and brave in battle, never missing when there was to be a fight, but frequently in danger of the guardhouse for absence from roll call. He often reprimanded him, but Lusk always got the better of him by asking him if he had ever failed him in the hour of battle. When Capt. Robbins' command was ordered South he called up Lusk and told him he wanted him to have no more roving and foraging. Lusk promised that he would not fail him.

"That was the last he ever saw of Lusk. In a battle that followed soon after Capt. Robbins and many another fell in a desperate but successful charge. After his return to his command Capt. Robbins said the first greeting he got from Lieut. Vaughan was a message from Henry Lusk. 'Tell Capt. Robbins,' he said, 'that I did not fail him.' Henry Lusk had fallen in the front of that gallant charge. He was a nomad in his way; he loved to rove and forage, but his loyalty and bravery no man might impeach."

It is stories like this that the youth of the country love to hear. Too many orators deal only with perfect heroes. Boys and men are skeptical of the tributes that deal only with men without faults. Their experience is that there are few perfect men. Most of the heroes of war, like the heroes of peace, have their failings. Give us more of the heroes like Private Henry Lusk.—Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer.

## War Gods of Japan

Innumerable stories are being published in Japan about Capt. Hirose, who died in an attempt to "bottle up" the Russian fleet at Port Arthur and who has been proclaimed a "war god." A man who knew him in childhood says: "As a child the captain received with us the primary school instruction at the Kwan-sho school. The boy is father of the man; and even in those early days the boy Hirose distinguished himself far above his school-fellows both in play and scholarship. It was he who was the champion of the sport of sliding on the snow down Ebi hill. He never had his face stained with a dab of ink when he played the 'poetry cards' at his father's temporary residence, simply because he was never beaten even once. Then whenever we boys had exercises in versification his performances nearly always won the best mark, and even when they failed, at rare intervals, to come to that level of excellence they never fell below the standard of second best. In short, he was carried by an unconquerable spirit in anything he took a hand in. 'Hirose took great pains in the training of his body,' says this same

Japanese gossip. "While a student at the Kogyoku-sha he made it a rule to take a constitutional round the outer moat of the palace premises early every morning. It was not surprising that, with his appetite whetted by such vigorous exercise, he very often emptied by himself the whole contents of a boiled rice cask holding in it the portion of two or three people. He used to say that he had been admitted to the naval academy not by the strength of his scholarship but by virtue of his splendid physique, and he added that he failed to see any good in the practice of constantly poring over books with weakened energy."

Jigoro Kano, who was Capt. Hirose's teacher in Jujitsu, tells one Japanese newspaper that this martial art was the captain's only source of amusement, and that he used to devote himself to the exercise with rare application. For instance, when he returned home from a long cruise, the first thing he would do after landing on shore was to come with his jujitsu suit to Kano's school and have as many bouts with his instructor as possible.

## They Killed the Snake

During the siege of Ladysmith in the Boer war, Henry W. Nevins and the late T. W. Maud, British war correspondent, were walking up the main road of the village when they caught sight of a black thing moving rapidly across the road close in front of their feet. It was about three feet long or a little less and was moving very swiftly. In a perfectly straight line it darted forward, without the usual snake-like wriggling or other visible means of movement. Accompanied from boyhood to hunt adders on the Cumberland moors, Nevins dashed upon it with his stick and broke its back with a single blow. Nevertheless, it still continued to move forward, as snakes will, no matter how desperately wounded, and the war correspondent sprang on its head and stamped it into the dust with his boot. At the same time Maud, who had only just perceived the danger, stamped on its back. The long and deadly body gave a few little jerks and then lay still. The snake was carefully lifted on the end of a stick, carried back to the cottage, where the two men lived, and carefully deposited outside for future examination.

On the following morning a fragment of a Boer shell dropped on the snake, cutting it clean in half—but the rest is better told in Mr. Nevins' own words: "To my astonishment," he says, "I noticed that the snake's inside was pure white. I looked closer. It was white, cotton wool. The skin was a silken umbrella case. The body was carefully wound round with black thread and a long piece of cotton projected from the mouth—the place where the deadly fangs ought to have been. Being something of a naturalist, I took the creature up in my hand, lifted it with care, because I remembered that poisonous snakes will bite even after death. I thought that at the end of the campaign I would bring it home and present it to the South Kensington museum. It needed no stuffing. "And now, whenever I am down-hearted and want to think of something that is happy, I think of the little boy (or little girl) who sat behind a wall with a piece of cotton in his hand and watched two experienced war correspondents pluckily dancing upon his magic snake and leaving it for dead."

## The Land of Used-to-Be

There is no map that shows us where his hills laugh at the sky: No map—or we would journey there Where flowered valleys lie, The little Land of Used-to-be— A fancied land, forsooth, Which has for mete and boundary The dim frontiers of youth.

O, little Land of Used-to-be, Your roses were so red! Your skies were azure seas where ships went sailing overhead. A land of laughter and of song, Where bees contented croons kept time with swaying poppy blooms through summer afternoons.

We seek the pathway to that land, But seek it all in vain. Sometimes the rain seems like a hand That taps upon the pane And hushes us softly into sleep With a soft reverie. Wherein our glad hearts find and keep The Land of Used-to-be.

Floor of Mexican Pavilion. Twenty-five tons of Mexican tiles of various designs were used in laying the floor of the Mexican national pavilion at the world's fair.

O, little Land of Used-to-be, So fair, and fair, and faint, Whence mellow songs come murmuring In accents old and quaint: Your trees were all so broad and high And prodigal of shade, Wherein the scattered sunshine in mosaics leaped and played.

Ofttimes we look to where it lies— For this we know full well: Its distant glamour never dies; And prodigal of shade, Ah, would that we might rise and go Down paths of memory And find the land we used to know, The Land of Used-to-be!

O, little Land of Used-to-be, What treasures do you hide! The singing streams that rapped and ran through meadows green and wide; The birds whose songs, it seemed to us, Were echoes of our glee— Why is it we can never find the Land of Used-to-be?

—W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.

### Cut Wages of Glassworkers.

Owing to depression in the glass industry, employers at Charleroi, Belgium, have combined to enforce a decrease in wages of their workmen.

## LIFE OF RUSSIAN POOR.

Peasants in the Village Lead a Forlorn Existence These Days.

As a rule a Russian village is a forlorn looking place, where the huts of the poor are made of birch logs, with upright oak or pine supports, ceiling of strips of the same birch, and walls lined with the crude branches. In these huts there are only two rooms, one of which is not for every-day use, but is kept for best occasions. This room houses those sacred images so dear to the hearts of every member of the Greek church, to which belong the great mass of the Russian people.

The other room serves the purpose of both kitchen and sleeping room, as one of the principal ideas of comfort to these people, ice and snow bound for so many months of the year, is warmth. In many of the peasant huts no beds are used, and on top of a great stove, reaching nearly to the roof, is a much sought sleeping place. Although the conditions make dirt and accompanying results inseparable in the lives of these peasants, they are devotedly fond of bathing. The vapor bath in a crude form may be called a national institution and a not unusual picture of a summer afternoon is the village pond filled with women and children bathers.—Social Service.

### Old English Custom.

In certain districts of England formerly when an owner parted almost entirely with other rights to a house he would reserve the right of boiling his pot on the fire. This secured to him the right of voting, and, what was of more importance, the position of being a freeholder. At Taunton, for example, the voters were called "pot wallowers," because they had the rights to "wallow" or boil their pots at the fire in their freehold houses. Sometimes when a person parted with a long lease, but not with the freehold of a house, it was expressly stipulated that he should keep the right to boil his pot on the fire.

### Thought She Couldn't Live.

Moravia, N. Y., June 6.—Mr. Benjamin Wilson, a highly respected resident of this place, came very nearly losing his wife and now that she is cured and restored to good health his gratitude knows no bounds. He says:

"My wife has suffered everything with Sugar Diabetes. She has been sick four years. She doctored with two good doctors but kept growing worse. The doctors said she could not live. She failed from 200 pounds down to 130 pounds. This was her weight when she began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now she weighs 190, is well and feeling stronger every day."

"She used to have rheumatism so bad that it would raise great bumps all over her body and this is all gone too."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are a God-send to those who suffer as my wife did. They are all that saved her. We can't praise them enough."

### For a Helpful Day.

The man who helps the stammerer across a street, or rings a bell for a small child who cannot reach it, has done his duty and his part in the world's work far better that day than any philosopher who thinks a great deal and does nothing. Indeed, I doubt not that a man who makes a friend smile at some idiotic remark has better earned his daily bread than a man who has given rise to a profound thought, if thought is only to end in thought.—Benson's Book of Months.

### Hint to Housekeepers.

An Atchison woman recently served seven mushrooms to a guest and her family of six, and had enough and to spare. How did she do it? She could not afford any more mushrooms, so she stewed sponges and put them on the steak. The guest was given the genuine and the family got the sponges and managed to avoid eating them without exciting the guest's suspicions.—Atchison Globe.

### Cedars of Lebanon.

The cedars of Lebanon are not yet entirely exterminated, but for many years most European lead pencils were made of cedar imported from America. The largest German manufacturer now has a cedar forest of his own at home. In the United States alone about 125,000 cedars are annually converted into pencils.

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a ringing sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Catarrh Cure for catarrh.

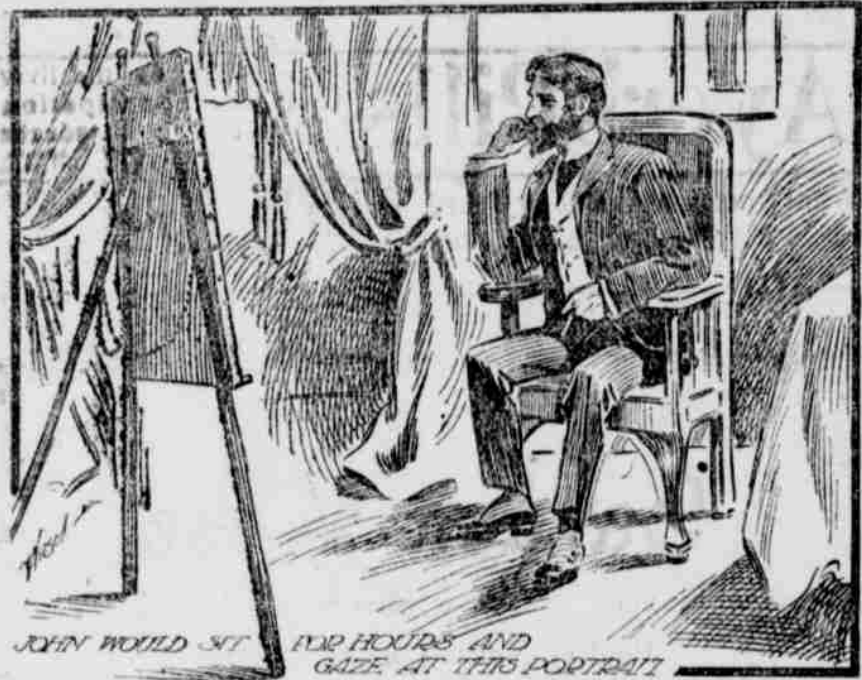
### Development of the Plow.

The great steam plow that tills with steel point ten acres of land in a day is the direct descendant of the savage's wooden plow which oxen pulled, or, before oxen were domesticated, a team of women hauled through the soil. The old wooden plow still survives in parts of Spain and Mexico.

ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

### Japanese Navy.

The average age of the Japanese navy is lower than that of any other navy in the world. No one over 20 years old is accepted for enlistment. The average height is 5 feet 4 inches—less than the average height of any other navy in the world.



listed on the New York exchange. Express them to New York at once. I propose to convert them into cash. When I wire you, throw them on the market and sell more of the railroad stocks. This is our introduction to the Eastern market. We'll discuss the details before you leave, and I have absolute faith in your ability to conduct the campaign."

It was a proud moment for Blake. There was no shadow of envy or jealousy in his thoughts as he looked into the face of the companion of his boyhood, and heard him speak calmly of millions and of launching them against the giants of Wall Street.

"I can do it! I will do it!" he exclaimed. "I see your plan, and its magnificent. John, magnificent! It will win—win beyond a doubt."

John was silent for a moment, and a far-off look came to his eyes.

"I have two important personal commissions for you, Jim," he said. "While in New York ascertain for me if Arthur Morris is alive. Find out what he is doing, and learn what you can about him. The second task is a more delicate one. It concerns Miss Carden. I wish to know—"

"I know exactly what you want," interrupted Jim Blake as John hesitated. "You want to know where she is, how she is, if she loves you, and—"

"You need not attempt the latter task," said John rather shortly. "You are likely to undertake too much. For the present I do not care to acquaint Miss Carden, or any one in the East, with my whereabouts, or even with the fact of my existence. Be careful in this matter. If you can, of course you will go to Hingham and visit your kinsfolk. You can easily learn all I care to know from the Bishop, or perhaps from Sam Ramsay. If not, go to Boston; but get the facts without calling on Miss Carden. You understand, don't you, Jim?"

"Certainly I do, old fellow," said Jim heartily. "I'll be as cautious as a dime-novel sleuth."

After repeated conferences every detail of the Wall Street campaign was agreed upon, and James Blake set his face toward the West.

He arrived in New York on Friday evening. Early the following morning he appeared in Wall Street and presented letters of introduction to the banks and brokers who had been selected by John Burt as agents in the pending operations.

On Monday morning he opened accounts with brokers and began selling